

furnace and receive the terrible baptism of fire, or in fire. "Consistency thou art a jewel." Try again brother Jacob. Blanco, Pa.

A REPLY TO ELDER H. R. HOLSINGER

S. B. FURRY

Dear Brother:—You say in Vol. 20, No. 7, "I would like to know why 'it is that we never hear from our elderly brethren any more,' and among other names you mention mine, which compels me to step out and have a little say. I do 'still belong to the church,' am just as 'sound in the faith' as I ever was, and have 'a holy concern for the people of our church,' or allow me to say for God's people. I have a great regard for the younger brethren who labor so zealously in the gospel, and may God lead them in the path of righteousness for his name's sake. True, there are things in the Brethren church I am very sorry for, but where will you find everything perfect? They had their trouble in the apostolic age. You know what was said to the seven churches of Asia. These are the representatives of the gospel dispensation. I never looked for anything else but that the Brethren church would have trouble with dissatisfied persons; but such must be tested by giving them an opportunity to do right. If they are not true it will generally manifest itself. The basis upon which the Brethren work is the gospel alone, and I still have the confidence they remain firm as a great majority. The church has not yet substituted something additional to the gospel to govern her members. She still firmly and truly holds to Christ as the "way, the truth and the life." I think I know what troubles you. But individual members who belong to secret orders must themselves be responsible. The church does not sanction them, and indeed never can and be true to Christ, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I hear the voice of God say, "Come out from among them and I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters." Those who affiliate with the orders of secretism or darkness cannot be the children of light and be free. They are entangled under the yoke of bondage, and are also under the curse of an oath. Just a few weeks ago I received a letter from a friend in the west, saying, "I do not know whether you are aware of the fact or not, but I have returned to the old sheepfold (church) and have been informed that you would not be much averse to doing so yourself." And then he says, sainthood is not all in our ranks, and I know that the scalawags are not all in yours. I believe that much credit for the laudable advancement in the German Baptist church is indirectly if not directly due to the work and influence

of the Progressive church." This is a good acknowledgement. Then without specifying he finds fault with the Brethren church.

In order to set myself in a proper light with reference to the above rumors, I will give a synopsis of my reply. I said you certainly have a perfect right to go where you are satisfied. I am friendly to the German Baptists, but never showed any inclination to go back to them. Did Paul go back when he found things wanting, and would-be teachers trying to side track?

Peter at one time did somewhat dissimulate, but Paul met him upon the gospel platform with reproof. The gospel embraces principle and consistency. The German Baptist church does neither. Her deeper work is still based upon the decision of A. M., and denying it, is inconsistent. Then making an order in dress and enforcing it as a church discipline, is without true principle and reflects idolatry, because it is man-made. I know I have many warm friends in the German Baptist church, and would be exceedingly happy to meet all upon the teachings of Christ alone, our Law-giver. It is true there are some among the Brethren who are as false brethren, but the time will come when God will separate them as goats from the sheep, and Christ will be our true shepherd. I must be true to my God and to myself, though it has caused me much sorrow and self denial, yet it helps me to live closer to God and rely upon his mighty arm. I hope this may vindicate me this time.

THE SONG SPARROW

V. M. REICHARD

I sit at my desk at work. The day is one of the most disagreeable of the season. Outside a cold sleety rain is falling. Icicles hang from limb an vine and bush and window-sill. As I look out upon the cheerless scene I fall into what the Autocrat calls a "Pie Crust" mood. Life assumes or reflects the leaden blue of the sky. Hard work with few pleasures is recalled. Coldness, neglect, disappointments and regrets are remembered, and again comes up the old question "Does God know and does He care". Absorbed in hard, cynical, thoughts. I lose interest in surroundings, books and magazines which a little while ago were choicest luxuries now become distasteful. Family and friends are alike unsatisfying and I fall into hearty accord with the cold and cheerless landscape. While chewing the cud of neglect and bitter memories a new sound comes to me high pitched, clear and warbling. Going to the window and looking out I see sitting in the very top of a tree an insignificant looking little bird. He came a few days ago, an advance cour-

ier of summer and has been doing his best ever since to cheer us and teach us his lesson.

His tiny feet grasp the ice covered limb. The cold rain beats down on his body. No sunshine warms him, but little cares he. With head up and mouth open he pours forth a volume of song which delights and enchants. I wonder what he says? Can you imagine? Whatever his words, his theme must be a regal one to so exalt him. Nothing cynical nor morose about him.

His cold and comfortless surroundings can neither hush nor modify his music. Can it be he sings all the louder and clearer when circumstances are against him? Certainly it seems so. See him on a cold morning when the thermometer is near the zero point! Perched in the very top of a tree near the house he pours forth a phenomenal volume of song. Rising above circumstances he seems to gain momentum from adversity and as he warbles rapturously one recalls the saying of the great naturalist. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Heavenly Father's notice.

Dear reader, will you not learn the lesson the song sparrow teaches? Long-fellow has voiced it in his beautiful "Raing Day."

My life is cold and sad and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
And the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still sad heart and cease repining;
Beneath the cloud the sun is still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Fairplay, Md.

KEEP A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

ANNA WOOD

The above is the title of a song in "Pentecostal Hymns" and I have always been impressed by that song even the first time I ever heard it and I do enjoy singing it for I believe I comprehend the full meaning of it. We are commanded to let our lights shine, not to hide them but have them where they give best light. If there is light within it will surely be made manifest without. Many a poor wanderer may be recued by following the ray of light brightly gleaming from some window. Let us be careful and have our light burning brightly for just a ray may fall on some sinner and enable them to see the snare the tempter is setting for them, and they may be able to overcome, while if it had not been for the light that helped them to see the snare, alas, they would have fallen and perhaps they would never been able to arise. Just a small gleam may give hope to the weary and guide them till the breaking of day. We should al-